

The Innis Herald

Volume XX Issue 2

Innis College ~ U of T

Oct. 1986



Forced Busing

Regretably, at the time of writing the Herald could not contact Michelle Bailey for comment. We welcome her comments in a future issue.

The Orientation Farm weekend was plagued by transportation problems again this year.

Due to high expected attendance, Farm Rep. Michelle Bailey took steps during the summer to arrange for vans. A discount deal was arranged through the University. As well as being lower in price these vans had a better insurance policy (lower deductible). However, in order to rent vans at this cheap rate, all drivers of the vans were required to be 23 years of age.

During registration week it became clear that a sufficient number of 23 year-old drivers could not be found, thus an alternate solution was necessary. With some 50 students

signed up who needed rides a rather large solution was required.

Michelle arranged for a friend of hers to drive a large bus for the weekend. This solution would cost some 300-500 dollars (the Herald could not contact Michelle for the exact figure before deadline). This deal fell through due to prior commitments of the driver.

The final solution was to rent a greyhound type bus, with a driver. The cost of this was \$900 (approx.). The capacity of a bus of this size is 47 persons. Of the 54 students signed up to go, less than half actually showed up.

Vans can be rented which can be driven by 21 year-olds (with a major credit card). A disadvantage of this arrangement is that these vans tend to have very high deductible levels on the insurance. The Herald checked rates and found that the total

cost of a 15 passenger van should not have exceeded \$300.00. The deductible would have been \$1000. (Figures are based on Thrifty rent-a-bus weekend rates for a 15 passenger van, and include estimated mileage and fuel costs).

The cost of renting 3 such vans (which would transport 45 students) would be \$900. The number of students who actually showed up could have been handled by one or two vans.

It was observed by students on the weekend that vans would have provided a method of transporting students to and from the conservation area. Many were also upset by the fee levied on upper year students. This fee is intended to help defray the costs of the weekend. Normally \$5.00, the fee was doubled this year to cover the high cost of the bus.

Computers At Innis, A Second Look

by Andrew Liebmann

Ever wish you had a computer? Or maybe you just wish you had a friend who would let you use theirs. Now you do.

That friend is Innis College. We have four new IBM compatible computers available for student use. You can use them for word processing or Turing programming, and the best part is: It's FREE!!

There are no catches, except that you must be an Innis student to use them. All it takes is a visit to Math/Computer tutor Pat McDonnell in room 123. She will give you an identification and access code, and offer help in getting started. She is also likely to sell you on the advantages of using computers.

On her desk is an abacus which she describes as "My first computer, mostly for show now," and a scientific calculator "Which is mostly for show now too." Closer to the door is her office computer which, in addition to her home computer is Pat's main tool of the trade.

As a woman who now does all her serious work (programming or writing) completely on her computer, Pat is the perfect person to talk to if you are not sure what good a computer will be to you, or if you think that the hassle of learning to use a word processing program is more trouble than it is worth.

Once you are sold on the idea, Pat will be there to help you get started, and help you out as you continue on. In addition to helping you with the technical aspects, she will explain how this service is set up.

"We've been playing it by ear up to now, and in some ways we still are" said McDonnell, who explains that since the computers arrived at the end of the last academic year, she has been working out a way to allow maximum use of them.

The way it stands now, any Innis student who is a registered user can have free access to the computers during regular reading room hours. By leaving your student card with the librarian you get a key, and that (along with your user code) is all you need to get on a computer.

McDonnell explains the necessity of the user numbers: "The reason for them is because they [the computers] are for the use of Innis students only, and the information I will get, through users 'signing in', will help me find out how the computers are being used." With

this information she will be able to adjust the service to best suit the students who are using them.

To date, the use of the computers has been very small. "They are being under used at the moment" admits McDonnell, who attributes this fact to low awareness of the service. She says that advertising so far has been mostly word of mouth, and posters put up around the college. Plans for the future include a mailing which will go out to all first year students outlining all the services offered at Innis, including the computers, and an addition to next year's brochures to include mention of the facility.

In fact, McDonnell says "We are building up a fairly substantial student services system around Math and Computers" which includes tutoring in Mathematics, Statistics, and Computers, as well as the use of the computers here at Innis.

While She expects most of the use to be for word processing "Because every student has to hand in essays at one time or another" there is also excellent opportunity for Computer Science students to meet with a tutor for help with Turing programming and then immediately go up to the reading room and put their new insight into practice. Depending on use, our system may even be networked to the U of T main computer for more advanced statistical programs, applications and programming.

For now, there is no restriction on the amount of time one can spend on the terminals. As busier periods arrive, or when demand increases there may be two hour time limits brought in, but things are presently very flexible.

One of the things that is now not completely worked out, is getting essays printed up suitable for handing in; the drafts available in the computer room are really only good for working copies. There are, however, several ways to get better quality printouts (which are already in use), and this is something which will be more fully worked out as the need arises.

With this easy to use, completely free service, you can stop wondering what it would be like to have the use of a computer. Now you can leave behind your technopreasant past and enter the computer age for real, and for good.

Orientation: A Retrospective

by Jim Sheddin

Innisiation 86 was definitely the most successful orientation in recent memory at Innis College. The well attended, well organized events suggest that the ICSS machine may run quite smoothly this year.

Andre Czegledy organized the first evening (Sept. 3) -- a trip to one of the trendiest clubs in Toronto, The Big Bop. Lured by the promise of free admission and cheap drinks, over 70 Innisites (mostly frosh) showed up and boogied till dawn. The Big Bop is a multi-floor, NY-style disco at Queen and Bathurst (formerly the Holiday Tavern), famous for its free market approach to music (patrons can choose between trendy 80s dance tunes or trendy 60s dance tunes or, better still, the weak of heart can retire to the quiet floor). Given the informal nature of this event (details

were announced the same day, and strictly by word of mouth), the turn-out was amazing. I was out of hair gel this particular night so I wasn't at The Big Bop, but those who did attend had nothing but positive comments to offer on the evening.

Thursday the fourth was our first party of the year. Because there was an extraordinarily large crowd at the barbecue preceding the party we had well over a hundred people when we opened at 8:00. I know from personal experience (just ask Martha or Cassie) that Innis parties usually don't get going till after 11:30. Because of the exceptional nature of this night, beer sales were obviously high. Apparently only our 50 cents beer bash last spring beat this night in terms of sales. Overall, an excellent night marked

only slightly by strict CBS/LLBO rules that night (i.e. no minors admitted at all -- kind of ridiculous considering this was mainly for frosh).

Friday to Sunday was the farm weekend, a long-standing tradition at Innis College. Despite minor transportation anxiety, the farm weekend was quite successful. The Innisfree farm, in case you're wondering, is the site of Harold Innis's childhood residence, now owned and operated by the Harold Innis Foundation. Farm weekends

were notorious for Dionysian exploits in the past; lately, though, Innis has become much more conservative. Considering the amount of people there this year, the atmosphere was rather staid. All





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"Build a barricade of wards, no matter what they mean."
— John Berger.

For Love Or Money

Late September is always a nervous time for Innis government. For this is the time of the Budget, the meeting that effectively sets ICSS policy for the coming year. Money makes the ICSS go round and this year we are turning somewhat slower.

Some historical information is appropriate before I proceed. But first allow me to mention a stylistic note. Depending on the time of publication I will be speaking as prophet, or historian. I shall generally use the future tense when discussing the current budget as I fancy myself in the role of prophet.

The ICSS is funded by Innis students, and by non-Innis students who live in Innis residences and are thus required to pay our fees. The level of student fees is determined by the ICSS subject to the approval of Governing Council.

Some years ago it was decided that the current fee revenue was insufficient to cover ever inflating costs. In the 1982-1983 academic year a referendum was held to raise fees by \$10.00 to \$28.00 (approximately).

The 83-84 year left a large surplus, some of which was spent in the 84-85 year. 85-86 saw this tradition continued.

Last years budget was approved at some \$34,500, this was based on incoming revenue of 31,000-32,000 with the remainder being spent from the surplus. This, coupled with numerous capital expenditures, effectively eliminated the surplus. Thus do we come to the present situation.

This year the ICSS is definitely receiving \$29,000 and perhaps more depending on final enrolment figures. We are budgeting for this worst case scenario, and thus does the problem appear. The ICSS must cut some \$5,500 from its spending as compared to last year.

Is the ICSS strapped this year or did we spend lavishly last year? Both, but mainly the former. We did have a rather large budget last year. And the ICSS is quite strapped this year. But last years spending was at a optimal level, the ICSS was comfortable but not rich. The simple solution is to raise fees. A fee referendum will likely be forthcoming. However this will not solve our current problems. We are tight for money and we have to make budget cuts. The question is — and the answer is the thrust of this editorial — where should cuts be made. No definite proposal has yet been put forth but the walls do have ears.

To begin the senior executive are talking about donating their honouraria back to the ICSS. We cannot allow this sacrifice. Our senior executive sacrifice for us all year, this small token of appreciation (\$200.00 per member) is just that; small. It is not negotiable and thus we shall speak no more of it.

Beer prices are going up this year. The price rise is justified as prices are only being raised to the breakeven point.

An Issue of the Herald may be cut. This would be the December

issue, which is often quite short, but I shall not discuss this here due to rather blatant conflict of interest problems.

The film society program may be cut down. This would be a grave mistake. Last year the film society was expanded, on the argument that since we were the premier film college we should have the premier film society. Last years investment has borne fruit, attendance this year is at record breaking levels.

This brings me to two specific areas of interest. Outside donations should be cut dramatically. The ICSS is set up to provide student services, and while it is desirable to fund organizations which (either directly or indirectly) benefit students, expenditures of this sort are secondary to basic, tangible, internal student services.

If we cut back donations will we not be rebuking the groups coming to us for money? Not at all. Our funding shortages will likely be temporary, so we should be able to resume our support of these groups within a year or two. For now we can refer these groups to project aid at SAC, which is specifically set up for funding these organizations. Finally, these groups know very well the problems that arise from monetary shortages. They will realise that our funding problems are beyond our control.

However if we are to truly say that our funding problems are beyond our control, we must trim our own budget to the bone. Trimming of this sort hurts. The current ICSS tends to shy away from hurt. But hiding from a problem will not make it go away. I am speaking specifically of the money the ICSS spends on D.J. services (provided by 2 Innis students) at our parties.

This year a review of the amount paid for this service resulted in a cap being placed on rates and the discontinuing of some perks. The final settlement was thought to be generally equitable by all parties involved.

Unfortunately that equitable solution will cost the ICSS some \$800-\$1000 this year depending on the final number of events staged. Clearly we cannot afford this, and so we are going to have to hurt someone. We must hurt the Disc Jockey(s). We must hurt them in the following manner. We should pay a \$200.00 honourarium to the D.J. (this would be over and above any monies paid out for the first three parties of this year). This puts the job in line with that of the senior executive and the Herald Editor. The D.J.'s will be hurt by this. But it will not be a malicious hurt. It will be the same hurt that will be felt by the outside groups who will not receive funding this year. The Hurt of receiving no food rather than that of receiving poison.

Clearly the D.J.'s will not be the only ones to suffer. We will all feel the pinch to varying degrees. The budget meeting is Wednesday October 8. It is an open meeting, so any concerned Innis student may come to voice his/her views on the

RECENTLY, YOUR
"TALKS" HAVE
BEEN ALONG
THE LINES OF
LECTURES!

SAUNDERS
ZIEGLER
9-17

short-term solution to our money troubles.

But what of the long term solution? Will we have to continue on this oscillating course of surplus and deficit? The long term solution is frightfully simple and will never be put into place.

The reason budgetary demands increase is that costs of providing services increase. We increase fees in order to keep pace with inflation. We can accurately judge the level of inflation. Thus the long term solution is clear: Automatic inflation indexing of fees. I thought of this idea a year ago but abandoned it when informed sources told me that it would never pass governing council, even if it was passed by the students of Innis.

The politicians are loath to give up their precious power, their responsibility to the mandate of the people. Even when the automatic system could keep real dollar fee levels stable and thus allow student government to provide a reasonable level of services to their students every year. Surprisingly we're both looking out for the welfare of the same constituents.

Innis Herald

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WRITE!

SUBMIT TO SCAT! ALL INTERESTED WRITERS, ARTISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS DROP OFF SUBMISSIONS IN THE SCAT MAILBOX (IN THE INNIS COLLEGE MAILROOM) BY DEC. 20. PLEASE INCLUDE A SASE FOR RETURN OF MATERIAL. ALSO, ANYONE INTERESTED IN JOINING THE SCAT! EDITORIAL BOARD SHOULD CONTACT KATHRYN MACKAY AT 967 4820 OR MIKE ZRYD AT 762 5520. THIS YEAR'S THEME: "IS THAT ALL THERE IS?"

SCAT!

Guest Editorial

by Ellen Ladowsky

Poor Lori Dawe. For years, Innis' SAC representatives were allowed to live comfortably beneath the SAC dome, while political controversy engulfed their fellow members of the executive at Innis. Given the insular nature of SAC, most Innis students were oblivious to the actions of the SAC representatives. No one questioned their responsibilities to Innis, no attack was launched on the way they voted at SAC, or their lack of attendance at ICSS meetings, no one ever tried to knock the dust off the SAC representatives' backs.

But alas, this unaccountability could not last. Prompted largely by dissatisfaction with Lori Dawe's comments on the Women's Centre and her contrary stand to the way in which the ICSS last voted on this issue, a group of students at an ICSS meeting challenged Lori on her cozy existence at SAC and on her representation of the Innis student body. What emerged from this meeting was a lot of confusion on the part of students about the function of the SAC representative.

The problem seems to lie in the very name of the position: Innis Representative, to SAC. The word 'representative' suggests that the person who holds this job is committed to relay Innis students' views to SAC, not to relay his or her

own personal views under the guise of an Innis representative. However, the U of T system takes into account the "tyranny of the majority"; that is, it is not always best to adhere to what the majority wants. A SAC representative is not constitutionally bound to voice the views of his or her college. Reps are elected by the students in the faith that their decisions will be intelligent ones. If the student body finds fault with their decisions, they do not have to elect them the following year. Those students who accused her so viciously for not representing Innis' views accurately should be aware that Lori did not break any constitutional guidelines. (Thus, it is not exactly the stuff that impeachments are made of, contrary to what some students insinuated at the meeting.) We, like all other U of T students, can only hope that our SAC representatives will feel morally bound to represent us.

But here's the rub: Innis' representatives have a greater obligation to represent the students, for Innis SAC reps actually know how the students feel about these issues because all Innis students are allowed to attend and vote at our student council meetings. At other colleges only elected representatives on student council can vote. In other words, most SAC reps could claim

that they are not solely responsible to their college councils, but also to the students who elected them, and that they have no way to determine the views of those they represent on every issue. Lori could, of course, claim that our meetings are not representative of the student body, but only of the vocal minority at Innis. I do not think, however, that this holds much water. Lori could also claim (and in fact she did during the meeting) that the last vote on this issue was taken last year and that she is not responsible for last year's student body. This could be true, but Lori certainly knew that the Women's Centre issue would arise at the budget meeting and if her aim was really to represent us, she could have brought this issue up at our first ICSS meeting.

To be fair to Lori, I attended the SAC budget meeting and I can assure you that Lori never claimed that Innis' student body felt the same way about the Women's Centre as she did. However, she also never stated that we did not, and she voted according to the way she herself felt about the issue. (Incidentally, our other SAC rep, Rory McAviston, although he did not speak against the Women's Centre, also voted with her against the Centre and yet he was not censured.) She was just not aware at the time of the aspersions cast upon Innis because of her stance that evening.

The issue is obviously not as clear-cut as the students who attacked her would have it seem. The real issue here, it seems to me, is that SAC's constitution explicitly states that Lori has no obligation to vote in accordance with her college's views, while Innis' political structure implicitly suggests that one will vote in accordance with the majority at Innis. The ambiguity surrounding Innis' SAC representative will be cleared up as soon as possible both by SAC and Innis. This issue has uncovered many unsettling questions. It seems to be just another instance of the lack of communications between SAC and the college system.

Orientation: A Retrospective

cont'd from page 1

this despite the "drug epidemic" hysteria from Messrs. Reagan and Mulroney. One thing about the farm though: am I the only person absolutely SICK TO DEATH of the Big Chill soundtrack? I swear if hear that awful yuppie cliché drivel one more time I'll throw up. Loudly.

For those who didn't attend the farm there was supposed to be a culture/counter-culture tour with hosts Ellen and Andre. Who was supposed to represent culture and who counter-culture? From what I hear this was a non-event.

Monday evening was the phenomenally successful first year/staff/alumni dinner at Hart House's Great Hall. Although the food was standard Great Hall fare, this event was so well attended (and well received) that I think the repercussions will be felt all year and for years to come. That is, in addition to automatically involving dozens of Innis veterans (who were group leaders or who performed other functions at Innisiation) and frosh who would not normally want to be part of University orientation events (because of their rather boisterous, fraternal nature), I think that some of the students at the dinner who will totally ignore the ICSS this year, may return next year (or two years from now) to become involved. Thanks go to Audrey Perry and Ellen Ladowsky and everyone else involved in organizing this event for keeping it a tasteful event.

Innisiation lost no momentum on Tuesday at annual trip to Blue Jays game. Although the Jays broke their winning streak this particular game, about 75 Innis students managed to have a good time at the game, an excellent turn-out compared to other years. Art Wilson especially enjoyed watching drunks insult police officers.

On Wednesday it poured like hell, but that didn't stop about 60 people from participating in the pub crawl, a journey through such infamous student watering holes as The Brunswick, The Spotted Dick (a kind of pudding I'm told), the Madison, and the SAC pub. For the sixth year in a row, Simon Cotter's team won, but this time with only a slight margin. Let it be known (in print): Simon has vowed never to crawl again, quitting while he's ahead.

I'm especially proud of Thursday evening, the All-Night films. Discouraged by last year's response to the film selection, I asked for student input last fall concerning what films to show at the '86 night. Surprisingly enough, the choices were not all *Porky's* and *Big Chill* clone films, but *Brazil*, *The Draughtsman's Contract*, *Monty Python's Meaning of Life*, and *Repo Man* (at least, those were the films I managed to find at affordable rates). A remarkable 150 people showed up for *Brazil*, a number I figured would be decimated by *The Draughtsman's Contract* (generally, if I like it, it tends to get booed and hissed) but that wasn't the case. By the morning, there were still 40 survivors, twenty of whom came to breakfast at The New Varsity. Because of the immense turn-out there wasn't enough pop, junque food or breakfast money to go around. I apologize to all the non-first years I couldn't buy breakfast for, some took my name in vain, but I just didn't anticipate this kind of turn out. One of the only low points of the evening was trying to endure *Pull My Daisy*, a Kerouac/Robert Frank collaboration that just smelled, I apologize. I'd never seen it before I booked it, a programming no-no. The only other low point was the audience's philistine reaction to David Rimmer's *Variations on a Cellophane Wrapper*, one of the most beautiful films ever.

Friday, nothing happened. This was supposed to be the SAC night but, like last year, only small handfuls of Innis people attended the game and there was no coordinated effort to congregate after the game.

For at least the second year in a row, the Saturday trip to the Island (changed in midstream this year to a baseball game I'm told) didn't happen. The party that night though, was fairly successful. A bit dull, a bit quiet, but fairly well-attended.

If I sound glum, it's because Innisiation is well over with as I write this. Matt, Milena, Karen, Ellen and everyone else involved with Innisiation should be congratulated. Now if we can only ensure that the ICSS doesn't lose this momentum by descending to the level of pettiness, rumour-mongering and paranoia...



Letters

We ain't
got none

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Please ensure that letters are typed (double spaced), signed (with telephone number) and free from sexist, racist, homophobic, agist, libellous or just plain dumb content; letters may be edited or rejected on these grounds or undue length. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

Random Thoughts

Religion: Do Your Thing

By Matt McGarvey

I had an article on freedom prepared for this column, but an interesting set of events at the first Student Affairs meeting has prompted me to dedicate the column to a somewhat applied philosophy of religion, with a few value arguments implied. From *The Myth of Sisyphus*, Camus is quoted "There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide. Judging whether life is or is not worth living amounts to answering the fundamental question of philosophy." (Random House, first published 1955). Religion seems to be an attempt at answering this fundamental question, for many fail to see a point to life if it is simply a finite experience lasting several decades.

What purpose does religion give to life? Religions often (usually?) offer an extension of the span of one's life. While some, including Christians of certain sects, claim the same body in use now will be resurrected for an eternal life, most teach that a sort of transmigration of the soul does occur (we will not go into what the soul may be right now, but call it self, spirit, soul). Hindus and some other eastern sects believe you will have your soul transformed to another object, either animate or inanimate, and the quality of the next life depends on actions in the present life. Most religions, eastern or western, teach that there is an ultimate place of "rest", either immediate upon death of the present body, or after a cycle of soul migrations.

What has this to do with life now? If actions in this life can affect the quality of a future life, perhaps an eternal one, it seems we should try to live a certain way now. But this alone does not seem to be enough to give life a purpose — life's purpose seems just to be quality of life.

Perhaps the question is not well worded, for asking of a purpose seems to imply a finality or goal. Perhaps it is that we ought to strive to live a certain way, rather than live for a certain end.

Kierkegaard reflected these sentiments in *Purity of Heart* where he outlines the profound, immediate necessity of dedication to "God". We oughtn't live for rewards, but rather live a good life now and here. This "good" life is a very individual, personal thing, as personal as one's life itself, because it is established through a one to one relationship between self and God. Indeed, Kierkegaard felt that one's life and one's religion were simultaneous, and the "Sunday faith, Monday market" attitude would lead to despair and loss of human identity.

Atheist existentialists like Nietzsche, Sartre and perhaps Camus deny there is a purpose in life in the metaphysical sense; life's purpose is created as one lives it. (N.B. I'm not sure about Camus's views being this optimistic, ie that we can even create a purpose for life. Also, Sartre and Nietzsche have much more to their philosophies than I am able to present). This results in a lack of basis for anything in life, including rational thought, and morality.

How does one act upon religious belief? It seems to me that if you love religious beliefs, they are of such importance to one's life that one's life should revolve around those beliefs. Thus, I would argue that religious zealots are probably more true to the meaning of religion than most other people. Note however, that one can still argue about any given zealot's interpretation of their religion. Many Moslems, Hindus, tribal religious groups and orthodox groups seem to practise their religion better than the Judeo-Christian, Bay St. etc. crowd. I realise this is a generalization, but

think of the reasons next time you see a Sikh with a turban or an Orthodox Jew with earlocks, or a Jehovah's Witness knocking at your door.

The important thing with religion is to be sure you understand what it is teaching, and how this is relevant to your life. Too many people are swayed by cults of personality, or promises of riches or happiness and end up selling flowers after being brainwashed by a pressure group. On the other hand many people are quick to regret anything resembling religion as a cult, or as a threat to their lifestyle when in fact they are only being offered an answer to the fundamental problem of philosophy.

One final point of view I would like to argue is the subjective nature of religious belief being consistent with the absolute nature of God or god or gods (et.al.).

If the purpose of religion is to give life meaning, and every life is distinct and unique, then even if the meaning, goal or objective in life is the same for all of us, the manner in which we strive for this will be unique to each person. If we each have a different goal, then again we will seek religious satisfaction in different ways. The above argument does not neglect the fact that we share similar values and may group together to help each other find religious fulfilment, but I think it shoots the preachers — who believe they teach "The Way" — down. It says to them, you have a way, some of values and ideas of which others may share.

For this reason, I would tend to avoid religions which demand an autonomous following, and rather seek one that satisfies my religious needs. This search could lead to chapel doors, the desert of Ethiopia, or the back door to my mind, or to Sartre's "nothingness". Amen.

*The literal translation of Amen is "So be it."



Semiotics: Windy

By Ted Parkinson

Much has been written about those fabulous sixties, that decade of particular excess when anything seemed possible. Well the dreams have turned into failed memories, the possible has been replaced by the inevitable. The sixties, which was a period full of utopianists and alternatives, is now reduced to the function of inspiring retrospectives. A good way to pad articles is to dig up some treasures of trivia; while not everyone has taken acid we have all listened cryptically to Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds.

But I am repeating the same mistakes of the revivalists, I am being far too general, too sloppy, too all-encompassing with my throwaway gestures. In order to say anything meaningful (meaningful in an analytical mode, not in the sense which would inspire Fabulous Freak Brothers Frat parties) we must identify a certain site upon which we can machinate. The specificity of the site itself will restrict our inquiry to manageable proportions. As my artifact (my blast from the past) I have chosen the song Windy as performed by The Association.

The problem with choosing a song is that its presence is immediately (as soon as I NAME it) transformed into an absence. We will have to do without the song we are speaking about. But this is balanced somewhat by the lyrics I will quote, and the fact that, if you were alive during the sixties, the cheerful melody is present in your mind in the form of a trace. Its absence then, is merely partial. (Note: it doesn't matter when this song was recorded, although we are using it as an historical site its usefulness lies in its embodiment of the "spirit of the age" and so while the artifact itself — the 45 — has an origin, the "site" is timeless.)

Who's peekin out from under a...
stairway
callin' a name that's lighter than air
Who's bendin' down to give me a...
rainbow
Everyone Knows it's Windy

Who's trippin' down the streets of...
the city
Smilin' at everybody she sees

Who's reachin out to capture a...
moment
Everyone knows it's Windy

And Windy has stormy eyes
that flash at the sound of lies
and Windy has wings to fly
above the clouds

Windy's stormy eyes peek unceasingly, calling from beneath the staircase. In every case they smile, reaching the streets. On every street they capture the moment, bending the air she flies on. "Who's there?" you ask, "Who's reaching out?" but the answer has been predetermined: "Everyone knows it's Windy." In fact, everything has been closed off, the "magic" Windy exudes is a witchcraft of enslavement.

Windy's voyeurism is immediately apparent and, for the first few listenings, an obvious delight. Peeking, calling, bending, tripping, smiling and reaching are all actions Windy completes successfully. They attest to a certain *joie de vivre*, an aloof ability to overcome everyday obstacles. However, when we examine them more closely we realize that the predominance of transitive verbs in the first two quatrains immediately establishes Windy's penchant for manipulation. Whether peeking, calling, or reaching, Windy implicates us in her prison of gesture.

The enslavement is replicated by the bouncy melody which refuses to leave our brain, what at first delights us (like a gust of fresh fetish she grabs our moment and doesn't let go) returns to haunt us. If we refuse? It is not hard to imagine the unceasing glare of Windy's stormy eyes.

Now that we have examined a specific site of the sixties' discourse we can become critically aware of some of the underlying assumptions it insinuates. Revivalists tend to latch onto certain available and obvious elements in the superstructure to provide a basis for media activity. But it becomes apparent that we must delve deeper in order to assess where we are "coming from." Perhaps future columns will appropriate this task.

Co-op Life: A Short Story

By Writer X

I was sitting down, reading the *Odyssey* with Greek thoughts in my head when he walked in. I left the door open. Sporting an anthropological beard and professor's glasses he told me he and Jake (Jake and him) had this agreement whereas they could walk into each others rooms if the door was open. I said come on in. His left hand clutched an unopened can of Siroh's beer.

He was no specialist majoring in conversation so I mentioned Jake. He liked Jake. We talked about Co-op people. I told him I thought all Co-op people are really weird and he had to agree. He said normal people just don't last around here. I've always thought, believed etc. that Co-ops were somewhat surreal, you know, lying on a different plane than this real world or just some truly fucked up space which I could never explain so I won't. I told him about how Jake informed me about a medieval society in this very house, who were conspiring through well positioned members in this Co-op organization to fill all the rooms with their own people. It's true because I've seen them, they wear peasant dresses with lace petticoats and one plays the harp. He sez that since he has been here they have increased to 3/4 of the household from two.

Then his cousin walks in real Neanderthal like, sits down and bangs his head on Jake's painting. Decked in glaring red eyes, white t-shirt and blue jeans that want to

hang down and expose his crack he starts to giggle. Man is he weird. Anthropology tells me he's weird. Cousin sports a stupid smirk and says he's been studying all night. I said makes ya giddy doesn't it being a vet of the all nighter. I tell them Jake use to arrange his waking hours so that he worked all night and slept all day. Cousin guffaws. Anthropology sez that the whole house here use to do that and that people would sit in the kitchen at 4:00 a.m., sip coffee and shoot the shit. Cousin giggles and repeats that he's crazy and I believe him. Anthropology finishes his beer and fidgets around uncomfortably. Cousin is looking at me.

We talk about crazy things Jake has done and he tells me one story I've never heard about the time he laid down on the road till a car stopped. He then got up and ran on top of the car and ran away. Cousin couldn't stop laughing. Then there was this deadly killer silence that was worse than going over to the relatives and talking about who died lately. So I told Anthropology about how I pictured working as a busboy in terms of an anthropological point of view. Cousin called us both assholes and fuck did I want, no desire to tell the romper room Neanderthal to go fuck himself. (He probably would've too.)

More silence. More deadly killer silence which made me fidget. Anthropology more and Cousin glare.

My conversation well running dry I used typical university student lingo lines at any major pub on campus; "What's your major?" Cousin tells me that he goes to Radio Canada College.

I say, "The place where guys bang out in front of U.T. Smoke Shop."

Cousin Says, "Ya".

I continue on, "The guys that wear black leather jackets".

He retorts, "Sometimes".

I finish, "When it's cold, right?" Cousin glares at me with Jack Nicholson in *The Shining* eyes cause he senses I'm insulting him. He's pissed too.

Meanwhile Anthropology throws the beer can in the garbage. He pokes around in John's midget fridge and I tell him I checked already. He says he's hungry and I tell him I have some lychees downstairs and does he wanna try one. We proceed to the kitchen and Cousin is still staring at me.

We go down to the kitchen and I pull out the lychees from the fridge. Cousin grabs a lychee. I tell him he has to peel it. He squishes it between his fingers. Satisfied he whips that lychee into the garbage. Cousin is glaring. Anthropology says they taste like grapes and I have to say ya. Cousin says to Anthro that three of their relatives have gone crazy. I ask if it is hereditary. Cousin got drill bit eyes (eyes that drill into your brain). Anthro says, yes, it is. I ask Cousin if he's going crazy. He says

I'm scared and I'm not having any fun!

ya. Then I said cause why? He replies, "everything". I say, "nothing in particular". He says ya. Cousin has that I'm going to knife you and not just kill you but twist the knife inside of your gut look. I swear he wasn't lying about being

nuts. I feel a leave urge coming on so I tell them it's nice outside and I'm going to sit outside. I figure Cousin will just retire and disembowel his teddy bear or something. So I sat on the porch and waited until I woke up.

Down With Toys

By David Morris

"Up until now, kids have had only plastic action dolls to play with. ... But now there's Real Men™"

— from Sears X-mas Catalog

People do not only buy what is necessary for their physical wellbeing. Items are often purchased because the purchaser's peer group considers the items to be essentials of life (e.g. Vuarnets or "can't wear no underwear under them" jeans). More frequently however, items are bought for their ability to entertain the buyer within their culture. In the case of adults most of the things purchased for amusement are somewhat reasonable in nature: records, books, televisions, VCRs, tasteless video tapes to put in the VCRs and chemical stimulants to imbibe when the TVs aren't working. When one looks at the pre-pubescent scene however, the situation appears to be bizarre and even scary. In other words, kiddy toys are getting to be pretty scary. This trend is well evidenced by the toy section in the Sear's X-mas catalogue.

One of the hottest items in the catalogue is classified as "Unique" by the Sear's marketing department (who are a bunch of mindless jerks who will be the first against the wall when the revolution comes). It is a glow in the dark "Masters of Universe" Fontrel stuffed sleeping bag (and you thought some of the sleeping bags at the farm got pretty disgusting looking). Basically a piece of fabric covered in pictures of guys with delioids that would terrify the crap out of any sentient being, waving around steak knives in a salacious fashion. And you can still see it even if you turn off the lights.

Dolls are quite popular with children of both sexes. This, of course, represents a breakdown of the old stereotype which only

allowed girls to play with dolls. The dolls that boys play with, however, are pretty sleazy. The doll "series" include the "Wrestling Superstars" (16 wrestlers, all anatomically incomplete), "Dragon Force", "Avarians", "Humanoids" (gross beings from Mars) etc. etc. Of course there is still the omnipresent G.I. Joe for whom you can now buy a \$139.00, 7 foot long aircraft carrier complete with sound effects and a map of the Libyan coast.

Harmonizing with the theme of kill, maim, and destroy, or if possible break into little pieces, are a raft of vehicles designed for the purpose. The "Masher", one of Tonka's "Steel Monsters" series (to think I used to love their dump trucks), is described in the catalogue as an "evil power machine". That is a fine description of Idi Amin Dada, but would you want your child playing with one?

The problem is that a vast majority of parents *do* seem to want to buy their child one, and do not seem to see anything wrong with the violence — which is an integral part of playing with these toys. It is more than slightly shocking to think that these same adults constitute a large portion of our society. If these people were concerned about violence in the world in general, the escalation of warfare and the arms buildup, they would not buy such toys for their children. This implies that there are a lot of people who are not concerned about those important issues, or if they are concerned only care about them because it might affect them personally (i.e. an ICBM in the ole swimming pool). They do not care about the problem in any deeper sense. "War toy" sales are increasing; the number of buyers is increasing; the number of unconcerned people is increasing. Scary.

The Pop Scene

by Paul Della Penna

Er...I know it's my responsibility to review videos, but truth to tell I haven't seen that many. I can't bring myself to. They're awful. The few I've seen are proof positive we live in a cultural vacuum, more profound and inescapable than the supposed mid-seventies nadir. Like other pop-sociologists I anxiously await the birth of some new subculture to breath life back into the beast. Like other post-Nietzschean skeptics, I'm smart enough to know we're doomed.

LIONEL RITCHIE: Dancin' on the Ceiling

Go on, take a wild guess what you think the people in this video are going to be doing. Uh-huh. I must give credit where credit is due, though— Lionel Ritchie has certainly topped himself with this pretty little gem. Between his shurrpny ballads and up-beat party tunes, I could never decide which brought me the faster to the point of nausea. This one clinches it though.

RUN-DMC w/ AEROSMITH Walk This Way

A marriage made in heaven or what? Boys will be boys, and this team-up proves the distance between rap and heavy-metal is smaller than the supposed penis differential.

GENESIS: Invisible Touch
TRUE CONFESSION: When I was fourteen I loved Genesis. I thought The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway and Trick of the Tail were great, neglected works of art. Youngsters, take heed my advice: Do not repeat the sins of your forefathers. Hate this band, hate them passionately.

PAUL McCARTNEY--Press
Some people still find it hard to dislike Sir James Paul McCartney, despite the fact he's a bloated billionaire whose preemial output makes WHAM! look like pop geniuses, but gee, I don't know, I think it's easy. Look at the cute one

mixing with the common people on the tube, making passes at the ladies, mugging at the camera. Wretched. Someone let Chapman out of jail and finish the job.



TINA TURNER: Typical Male

Though her choice of material remains abysmal, "I, Tina" blows away wimpettes like Whitney Houston and Miss Jackson. Hardly rad-fem sexual politics this, but then Ms. Turner subverts any patriarchal assumptions by her very being.

CYNDI LAUPER--True Colours

In her ongoing effort to last longer than the pop-culture time allotted her, Ms. Unusual forsakes the trademark hiccups for a straight-forward poignant, heart-telt ballad. In the process, she loses any sense of the zany fun and mischief which distinguished her earlier videos for this arty, surreal trip. Very bad, extremely usual.

BERLIN--You Take My Breath Away.

I haven't seen this yet, but it doesn't really matter. I'm sure it has shots of the band performing intercut with key scenes from *Top Gun*. Well, let's figure this out: a) HATE THE BAND b) HATE THE SONG c) HATED THE FILM MORE. Could the video possibly overturn my deeply-held prejudices? What do you think?

DON JOHNSON--Heartbeat
Don't give up the day job. Donny.



Sin, Cheese, and The Innis Student

By Robin Gibson

At one hundred and nineteen Harbor St. there is a place like no other. This place goes by the name of *Dr. Cheese and The Lady*. It sounds like the name of a childrens book, but it's not. This place has entertainment in the area of culinary delights that will light up the eyes and taste buds for people of all ages.

Why is this place so special? Well the first answer to that is: it is run by Innis Alumna, Caroline Jones. It is the imagination and work that "The Cake Lady", or Jeraldene Bolland, the owner of the shop, and Caroline put in that makes their merchandise top quality and its presentation out of this world.

Before I get to the goods let me give you as idea of the atmosphere. As you walk up to the shop, any day of the week, you will find a blackboard with, not a daily special, but a daily saying or two. The anecdotes are always witty, well worded, and most importantly, mood reading for what you are about to find inside.

Before you go find inside it is important to notice the windows. Caroline displays everything from pink flamingos to pictures of movie stars suspended from the ceiling with string. Whatever is there it always has a theme and a touch of

extravagance, with lots of ribbons or sparkle.

Now you are in the door and it's "Art Deco" everywhere. Your eyes will have as much fun in this place as your mouth will. Well... almost. The desserts are incredible, to say the least.

I got to try a few things myself (this is one of the better assignments I've had). I will start with the cheesecakes. The pistachio cheesecake is great, and I have been around the dessert world of this city. If you like chocolate cheesecake, the mocha cheesecake looks great too. It has fresh fruit on top: oranges, strawberries, kiwi, and the biggest blackberries in the world! If you want the whole thing twenty dollars buys a ticket to heaven. They make 21 different kinds of cheesecakes, which, along with other goodies, they distribute to cafes and restaurants all over Toronto, including *Just Desserts*, *Holt Renfrew* and *The Scott Mission*.

Other things I especially enjoyed were: Chocolate blobs (don't ask), if you like chocolate you have to experience these. The Sarah Bernhards—I am sure Sarah could not have resisted her namesakes. Again they are chocolate and have to be tasted to be believed. The butter

tarts are literally dripping with butter flavour. Grab a napkin and dig in, they are fun and delicious. Did your mom make lemon loaf when you were a kid? Mine did and I missed them until now... At *Dr. Cheese and The Lady* I found a mini lemon loaf that I can pack in my lunch for dessert. The taste? well, Mom you have some competition here. The brownies never have that stale flavour you sometimes find because they sell out as fast as they can be baked.

I think you are best advised to go down and explore to see what else they have. I could go on forever. If you don't want sweets though, I should mention that you can get a croissant sandwich to beat all others. If food is not your bag, you should at least go to see the earrings, designed and made by the Cake Lady herself, or the greeting cards with a twist that you may not find in a card shop.

In any case, it is worth going to take a look at what a bit of innovative taste can do for a shop, even one that already has the goods to draw you in. You can go all out and buy a cake or just serve yourself a cup of coffee. This place is definitely here for customer indulgence.



Morning Special:
Coffee With Muffin, Danish or Croissant
8:30 — noon \$1.00

Hot Entrees

Homemade Chunky Soups

Espresso & Cappuccino

Lasagna

Open 8:30 — 6

Lic: LLBO 11am — 6 pm

Sensational

INNIS PUB

Review

Festival Overview

By Mike Zryd

The 1986 Festival of Festivals will be remembered as Leonard Schein's Folly. When a Festival director is fired after its most successful and smooth-running year, he must be very unpopular. If Schein's lack of tact and decorum offended the Festival's commercial bulwark's—donors, distributors, staff, and press, alike—his programming as well left something to be desired. *Close Encounters*, designed to "allow filmgoers a real opportunity for interaction with... great individuals" were either ignored (snubbing classic cinematographer and Luis Buñuel protégé Gabriel Figueroa) or became a star circus (John Schlesinger's not inconsiderable work overshadowed by Richard "Box Office Poison" Gere and the ubiquitous Helen Shaver).

Schein's other series, *20/20*, was even more uneven. He cannot take credit for the hits *She's Got It* and *Men*, as both were scheduled for release the week after the Festival closed. Schein did manage to find two of the most excessive (and thereby mundane) exercises in style for what he called a series of "twenty films that I feel one hundred percent confident are so good, so accessible to filmgoers... that I give my full recommendation." In *Betty Blue*, Jean-Jacques Beineux betrays the vapidity at the core of *Divya* by making a film starring two gorgeous, lushly photographed half-nude actors completely uncaring. Elem Klimov's *Come and See* brought Soviet "epic" composition to new depths. How many long take, wide angle, full frontal close-ups can one take in a realist drama? Even Rosa Luxemburg (Margarethe von Trotta) and *El Amor Brujo* (Carlos Saura) were, from all accounts, secondate efforts from these major directors.

The strength of the Festival

proved to be in its traditionally excellent historical programming (in the past, *Buried Treasures*, this year *Winds of Change*) and new international works. *Contemporary World Cinema*'s *The Sacrifice*, *The Blind Director*, *Cactus*, *Caravaggio*, *Sid and Nancy*, *Tampopo*, *A Zed and Two Noughts*, and *Working Girls* provided intriguing alternatives to Hollywood cinema. To be fair, the series was not without its disappointments: *Qui Trop Embrasse*, *Red Kiss*, *Nanou*, *Devil in the Flesh*, and *Tenue de Soirée* all received mixed reviews. Nonetheless, CWC never promises 100 percent satisfaction and most of the uneven films were at least ambitious failures.

The two surprises this year were the quality of the Canadian selections and the response garnered by the *Winds of Change* retrospective. The Canadian offerings were wildly uneven, ranging from *Decline of the American Empire*, *Pouvoir Intime*, *Ranch*, *Loyalties*, and *70, Zool!* to stinkers like *Overnight* (the singularly most overrated Canadian film of the 80s), *A Judgement in Stone*, and *Knock! Knock!* (a painful example of the experimental cinema we don't need).

While Canadian creative contributions oscillated, Toronto, at least, demonstrated its viewing sophistication, despite an unforgivably rude reception given to the Cuban Minister of Culture as he spoke at the screening of *Tangos*. Filmmaker after filmmaker from Latin America praised Festival audiences' enthusiasm and critical astuteness. Despite misguided and boorish warnings from *Now Magazine*'s John Harkness and the newspaper's Kelly Davies to avoid "that depressing and morbid Latin American stuff" filmgoers flocked to the *Winds of Change* screenings.

A Random Sampling Of Experimental Cinema

By Mike Zryd

The term "experimental," when applied to film, either inspires a reaction akin to discovering a snake in your bed (scream and run away) or leads the experienced snort-faced cinephile to sniff, "that's not experimental." Perhaps a better label is eccentric. Or wild 'n' wooly. Whatever the case, the Festival of Festivals is a wonderful chance to see films unlike yer basic Hollywood product.

Knock! Knock! is definitive scream and run material. The film announces itself as an essay on people's bedrooms: how they reflect their owners, the time, and probably, their sexuality. When the film sticks to its modest premise, it provides some interesting insights into the reactions of people to being filmed. In single-take sequences, various friends of the filmmaker take him into their rooms, describing themselves, digging their own graves as the camera's imperative of action and speech causes each individual to reveal more and more

of themselves as they nervously prattle on. These sequences, however, compose only 10 minutes of the film. The other 50 minutes is literally a digression. At one point, Bruce MacDonald, the director, leaves the set, suffering from an apparent (and completely understandable) identity crisis. The actors and crew "decide" to keep shooting. Much bad news random filmmaking ensues as MacDonald's two actors, (hair flipping self-conscious Queen Street West parodies) become annoyingly precious, improvising in bad method acting fashion. Then the film really gets bad as the crew travels to Washington, D.C. to try to film Ronald Reagan's bedroom. Post-modern, eh? Needless to say, they fail amid much talk of impending nuclear disaster, anon.... *Knock! Knock!* probably does not deserve such a vituperative review but it gives a bad image to Canadian experimental film, something the field does not need.



70, Zool! (The Making of a Fiction Film)

Winds Of Change

As a retrospective, the *Winds of Change* series had greater consistency in the quality of its offerings than any other series at the Festival. Even given the size of the collection (at 96 films, *Winds of Change* is too large to adequately review). Programmers Helga Stevenson and Piers Handling could sift through 13 national cinemas from the 1950s to the present for their choices. Unfortunately, the consistency of the historical selections was underlined by some disappointingly tame recent films emerging from Latin America.

Tangos, the *Exile of Gardel* and *Malandro* are two examples of solid but unexceptional works by accomplished directors. *Tangos* is almost unrecognizable as a work from the director of *Hour of the Furnaces*. Solanas's rough-and-tumble agit-prop classic of the late '60s Argentine Cine Liberation. The dynamic, grainy hand-held composition of the early film is replaced by the exquisite, tasteful look of cinematographer Felix Monti. Unfortunately, what is enacted before the camera is similarly tasteful, a combination which becomes disturbingly precious. Solanas's tale of bohemian Argentine exiles in Paris seems concerned with the harsh political realities of pre-1984

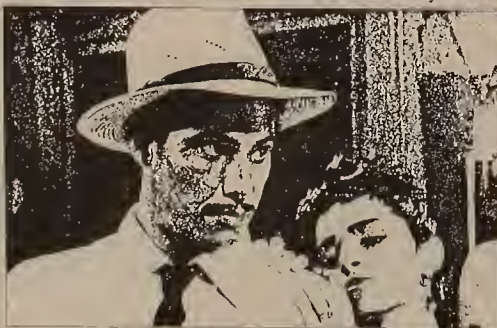
The dance sequences are fabulous, providing what little fire there is to the film. When *Tangos* digresses to its hermetic little group agonizing over the pain of exile, one senses the sad irony of their dilemma. Exile has indeed not been good for them; judging from the example of Solanas, it has not been good for him. *Tangos* brims with intelligence, beauty, talent and emotion but ultimately lacks the edge of confidence necessary to pull its ingredients together. Solanas seems aware of the problem, the deferral of the *Tango-de's* completion is the narrative thrust of the film but is tragically incapable of dealing with it. *Tangos* might be recuperated by exploring this tension, but remains unsatisfying in its pretensions.

Malandro was directed by Ruy Guerra, one of the major figures of Brazil's Cinema Novo. According to Julianne Burton, a scholar of Latin American film who introduced many of the *Winds of Change* screenings, Guerra's *The Guns*, Glauber Rocha's *Black God, White Devil*, and Nelson Pereira dos Santos's *Barren Lives* (all 1963, and all screened at the Festival) are Cinema Novo's founding trilogy. *Malandro* retains the political charge of that early movement and at least some of its theoretical imperative of radical aesthetic change. The target of Cinema Novo's aesthetic critique was always Hollywood cinema, by virtue of its dominance in Latin America prior to the 1960s. Here, Guerra's target is the Hollywood

musical.

Set in the 1940's in Rio de Janeiro's underworld, the film follows Max, an up-and-coming thug or *malandro* lives off his girlfriend Margo's earnings as a prostitute. Meanwhile, he plans behind her back to make it big (both economically and sexually) with Ludmilla, the daughter of Otto Strudell, the German owner of the

perfect for Guerra's sense of characterization. The reduction of psychological depth in favour of types and ritualized behavior, so much a pattern in Guerra (and Rocha's) early Cinema Novo work, ably fits the schematized world of the musical. However, Guerra seems uncomfortable with the musical numbers. His consciousness that they are set



Opera do Malandro

cabaret where Margo is employed. The rise of Max in the underworld on the crest of the wave of big business crime, and the effect of that rise on the film's love triangle provides the interest of the film. Where *Malandro* disappoints is in the juxtaposition of the musical sequences with the narrative. On one hand, the musical genre is

pieces prevents them from fitting into the fine weave of the story. In light of the structural complexity of his last film, *Erendira*, *Malandro*'s stop and start pace reflects Guerra's unease. A better Hollywood genre to appropriate might be the Sirkian melodrama, a form which combines type and a surreal, heavily-layered plot.

FESTIVAL OF FESTIVALS

An interesting contrast is Ross McElwee's *Sherman's March*, a two and one-half hour personal non-fiction film which follows the filmmaker through the American South. It too is concerned with bedrooms (McElwee is determined to get into the bedrooms of all the women he meets) and with nuclear paranoia, but *Sherman's March* stays within its parameters to remain as unpretentious and relaxed as its protagonist. Neither McElwee's form nor his personality are particularly exciting. His photography and editing are quotidian and he is ingeniously childish, egoistic, and sex-starved. Still, a kind of transparent documentary sincerity unfolds which permits us to marvel at the America McElwee runs into. Fundamentalist survivalists, cheerful matchmakers, collectors of plastic full-size animals, linguistics Ph.D.s, and Burt Reynolds are just some of his discoveries. Though we have some reservations about our guide, we can quite merrily take his hand and be led through his curious, strangely heart-warming world.

Two marvellous experimental documentaries shown at the Festival were Phil Hoffman's *O, Zoo?* and Steven Denure and Christopher Lowry's *Ranch*. *O, Zoo?* is the more complex film, shot on and around the set of Peter Greenaway's *A Zed and Two Noughts* in Holland. Like other Hoffman films, *O, Zoo?* is personal with an anecdotal narration weaving through Hoffman's gorgeously photographed images. (Hoffman is one of not the finest experimental cinematographer in Canada). This film fits nicely into a uniquely Canadian genre of the wistful travel film or book, in which the artist strives towards self-illumination through contact with the exotic, all the while recognizing the tragic impossibility of cutting through the layers of time, geography, and history which impose themselves.

Ranch takes an opposite situation, examining the work of Alan Wood, a British artist who created a 320 acre "Ranch Project" in Alberta. Transcribing painting onto landscape sculpture, Wood wraps his structures (fences, tee-pees, barns, etc) with painted canvas, in primary and pastel colours. Part of the Project's theme concerns how nature—wind, rain, snow, cold—will weather the human artifacts over time. Denure and Lowry's documentary treatment is as innovative and thoughtful as the sculpture. They use an excerpt from CBC's *The Journal* to introduce the expository information and include interview footage with Wood and clips of Hollywood westerns to illustrate the personal and cultural motivations of the piece. The bulk of the film which follows is their filmic examination of the Ranch, incorporating a variety of perspectives, film speeds, and exposures. The effect of time is rendered in stunning time-lapse photography sequences which, interspersed with beautiful still landscape shots, form a lovely emblem of the original work.

OF FESTIVALS

Hombre

By Ellen Ladowsky

Eliseo Subiela's film *Hombre* Mirando al Sudeste seems to propose that a madhouse is the only sane place in an insane world. Indeed, the dramatic and comic core of this Argentinian film, recently screened at the Festival of Festivals, is the juxtaposition of madness and sanity, of unexpected rationality in the irrational world of the asylum.

Doctor and patient are juxtaposed: on the one hand the psychiatrist, the voice of reason, compassion, and authority; on the other hand Rantes, the victim, the madman suffering from an all too convincing delusion that he is from outer space. From Rantes comes a disconcerting and simple wisdom that pierces through the cruelty of the world outside; from the psychiatrist only bewilderment and confusion both with his role in that outside world as a divorced father and his role in the inside world of the clinic as a psychiatrist.

The soundtrack reinforces this juxtaposition between the insane and the sane, the clinic and the outside world. The sound of the psychiatrist is the saxophone, with all its associations with jazz, and the seediness and decadence of modern-day living. It is this instrument to which the doctor retreats after each encounter with Rantes, and it is the music which follows him through the clinic. The sound associated with the patient is that of classical music. He is lost in Bach when we first encounter him, mesmerizing the other patients with his magnificent performance on the chapel organ, and his power reaches its crescendo at an open air symphony which he turns into a celebration of humanity.

It is this opposition upon which the film hinges, and beyond which it never progresses. Having established this juxtaposition, the film seems frozen, unable to do anything more than reiterate it. The presentation of the Rantes Christ analogy moves from the subtle — a band of apostles disguised as society's misfits — to a heavy-handed climax with Rantes being borne on the back of a patient like a crucified Christ with a circle of the faithful waiting for his return. Again and again we see the doctor steeped in the debauchery of the insane modern world, drinking its poisons, accepting its immorality and loneliness, and finally accepting his role of Pontius Pilate cast by its institutional hierarchy.

This moralistic, profoundly Catholic aspect gives the film its only slender links to the tradition of Spanish cinema. Indeed, what is remarkable about *Hombre* is precisely this lack of parochialism. For the most part it is a film whose location is incidental. Whatever its internal flaws, it marks the beginning of a new cosmopolitanism in Spanish cinema, and announces the arrival of a new generation of Spanish filmmakers whose concerns and creations are international in scope.

Declining to Comment

by Paul Della Perna

My American Cousin, *Dancing in the Dark*, *Loyalties*, and *The Decline of the American Empire* do not a 'new wave' make, and they're hardly THE CINEMA WE NEED, but they are THE CINEMA WE'RE BOUND TO GET, and there's no reason to be too upset. Or too optimistic — our offerings do pale in comparison to other national cinemas, but then they don't exist on the "outskirts of a declining Empire."

As a character in Denys Arcand's *The Decline of the American Empire* says of her sadomasochistic relationship: "The power of the victim is incredible"; and it is this potential insight into the perspective of the vanquished, those

wants us to as well.

The Decline is literate, sophisticated, eminently worthy of detailed exegesis by cultural commentators, but it ain't no masterpiece, as some would wish. Canadians are just not a sexy race. One can't help but echo the sentiments of Mario, the mysterious stranger, as he tells the dinner guests: "All they did was sit around all day and talk about sex. I was expecting an orgy. The big thrill was a fish pie." More thrilling than a fish pie, *The Decline of the American Empire* still fails to satisfy. Its intentions are good, its ambition laudable, but there is a hollowness at its core, the same hollowness found in other examples of ensemble performance-pieces like



The Decline of the American Empire

denied history, that distinguishes Canadian culture from the culture of the victors, a theme catalogued by Margaret Atwood in her influential work *Survival*. Despite their despairing millennialist talk of the imminent collapse of civilization, the contemporary drive toward hedonist pursuits, and the declining birth-rate, etc., the academics of Arcand's film only want a small piece of happiness — not fame, a successful book, or an affair with Susan Sontag — but sex, and of course, love, to redeem them, if momentarily, from the ravages of a civilization gone to pot. Arcand is far too cynical and downright cruel to believe that such redemption and stoic perseverance in the face of doom is possible though. He obviously hates these self-pitying, sexually-frustrated characters and

the execrable *The Big Chill* or *The Breakfast Club*, where characters are reduced to types and are made to utter earth-shattering profundities. Only here the pretensions are greater, not the state of alienated youth, the fears and longings of an entire generation, but A STATEMENT by Historians teetering precariously on the eve of destruction. Were it less like *Rules of the Game* and more like *A 120 Days of Sodom*, Arcand's film would have worked as a movie, instead of suffering as seatological critique. As it stands, it is perhaps a magnificent failure, and thus uniquely Canadian.

Postscript: Rumour has it Arcand has been asked to direct an all-American remake of *Decline*. What will they call it? *The Empire Strikes Back*?

She's Gotta Have It

by Paul Della Perna

Have what? A liver transplant? A Beaver Canoe sweatshirt? A double Whopper w/cheese? Nope. Sex. Plenty of it. Like a surprising number of films at the Festival this year (*Betty Blue*, *Devil in the Flesh*, *Men...*), *She's Gotta Have It* deals with the effects of dangerous female sexuality — but it is the only one of the lot with balls enough to lay the blame for such anxiety squarely where it belongs — in the vanities and arrogance of men.

Along with Jim Jarmusch's *Down By Law*, first-time director Spike Lee's *LIGHT-HEARTED LOW-BUDGET SEX COMEDY* was the freshest thing at the Festival, proving once again that the only films of worth coming from the monolith south-of-the-border, spring from its peripheries, supremely self-conscious of their own marginal status and thus in an advantageous position to simultaneously critique and celebrate the apparatus and conventions of classical Hollywood cinema. There is a wonderful

moment in *She's Gotta Have It*, litherto shot in grainy black-and-white, when a reference to *The Wizard of Oz* provokes an entirely extraneous and extravagant technicolour dance sequence right out of *Black Orpheus*. Spike Lee's film is full of such delightful self-reflexive surprises; characters who leap from the screen to address the audience, trying to win sympathy for their cause; the ongoing struggle to capture the heart of the "She" of the title, the man-hungry Nola Darling. Lee is no stem moralist; Nola's promiscuity is not the problem and she and Lee don't apologize for it. Rather the film exposes the preening, egotistical posturing of macho heterosexual men who seek to possess women, in all their various guises, from the succession of creeps who come-on with lines like, "Why don't you try some of my USDA tube-steak?" to the machinations of the three central leads: the earnest, sensitive Jamie, the shallow, narcissistic Greer, and the wild-eyed, irresistible rapper

Cuban Cinema

By Mike Zryd

An interesting cross-section of Cuban cinema was featured in *Winds of Change*, particularly *The Charge of the Machete* (1969), *The Other Francisco* (1974), and seven films made by Santiago Alvarez between 1965 and 1971. Produced by the ICAIC, the Cuban Film Institute, all are fascinating for their rigid ideological outlooks and wild, imaginative formal experimentation.

The First Charge of the Machete is an experiment in fiction documentary. A reenactment of a historical event (the Festival guide aptly compares it to Peter Watkins' work), the film takes as its premise the possibility of capturing the events of the 1868 rebellion in Cuba against the Spanish: as director Manuel Octavio Gomez says, "as if it had been possible at that time to use a camera and recorder to collect the facts." *Machete* uses stock documentary devices like hand-held camera, high contrast black-and-white and sepia tone footage, rapid pans to catch off-screen voices, interview and action cutaways, and third person voice-over. Unfortunately, the film falls short of its revolutionary goals by becoming, despite some imaginative moments, too caught up in its own fiction. The documentary devices are used but not explored or critiqued; all too convincingly, the fiction works as the formal experiment collapses into the subject.

well-educated, loyal and deferential to his owners. When his love affair with a fellow slave is discovered however, his fortune turns untill, beaten and degraded, he hangs himself over his lost love. Giral's question, "Would a slave really kill himself over romantic love?" is answered by the film's "other Francisco" sequences. Giral reshoots the melodrama with a socio-economic focus translating the romantic fever into revolutionary fervour. Once more, the idea is fascinating but the execution is faulty. The structure, which should be expository and clear, seems muddled as Giral seems unsure of how to mesh his parallel stories. Moreover, as the ostensible hero, Francisco, is replaced by the real hero, an angry revolutionary slave, romantic glamour is replaced by the somewhat clichéd gestures of revolutionary correctness. The romantic devices satirized at the beginning of the film become partly appropriated for political purposes, an unfortunate capitulation which mars (if not fatally) an otherwise interesting film essay.

The work of Santiago Alvarez, however, is a revelation. His documentary shorts perfectly exemplify his famous quotation: "When you look at my films, you must realize one thing. Of course I am biased. I use every means at my disposal to win people over to my vision." What distinguishes his hyper-kinetic film collages is their subject.



The Other Francisco

One is left with a similar sense of thwarted ambition in *The Other Francisco*, a self-conscious Marxist deconstruction of the first Cuban anti-slavery novel, *Francisco*, written in 1839. While applauding the moral compassion of the novel, director Sergio Giral questions its liberal humanist assumptions. *Francisco* is the perfect slave,

combination to stylistic excess and intellectual rigour.

On the one hand, Alvarez's technique is astonishing in its multiplicity of formal devices: jumping, rephotographing stills, loop cuts, probing and reversing film footage, stirring and ironic music, sound effects, and especially graphics and text. The barrage of filmic effects, seemingly chaotic, are in fact structured with remarkable theoretical rigour. As many commentators point out, Alvarez's editing strategies recall Eisenstein. What sets Alvarez apart from other Eisenstein students like Steven Spielberg or even Miami Vice's Michael Mann is his consciousness of a revolutionary politics and aesthetic. Alvarez goes beyond childish flash (Wow, Neat!) to create an integrated, thoughtful film text.

A second example of Alvarez's restraint is his avoidance of third-person voice-over, the most ideologically entrenched staple of the traditional documentary. In *NOW*, a "video" of Lena Horne's black civil rights protest song, the voice-over is both extraneous and implicit in the song. In *LBJ* however, Alvarez, completely without voiceover, implicates Lyndon Johnson in the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, a tour de force of sound and image montage. Interestingly, the film in which Alvarez did resort to the third-person voice-over, *How, Why, and for What is a General Assassinated?*, is the weakest of the collection.



She's Gotta Have It

Mars (played by Lee himself). Told through the chorus of these men, but dominated by the striking free-spirited presence of Nola, the film is far from a feminist tract (Lee is too close to Mars, or Jamie for that matter to be completely dismissive). It is very sexually and politically astute. Much more than the sappy, sentimental *The Color Purple*, to which it acts as the perfect antidote.

Irresponsible Journalism



LOH'S

cinfi lly good...

Hugs & Kisses
Ellen &
Titch
XOXOX

first in a series

INNIS FALL FILM 86

PROGRAMME

OCT. 9, 7:00 PM
LUMIERE'S TRAIN
LA BETE HUMAINE  renoir
THE WASTELAND
DEATH RACE 2000

OCT. 16, 7:00 PM
HOW THE HELL ARE YOU?
GAME SHELTER AND
SYMPATHY FOR THE
DEVIL 1+1 godard

OCT. 23, 7:00 PM → ALPHAVILLE godard
PROGRESSIVE SLIPS OF PLEASURE
robbe-grillet

OCT. 30, 8:00 PM
JOYCE WIELAND WITH HER
FILMS solidarity PATRIOTISM II
birds at sunrise & PEGGY'S BLUE
SKYLIGHT

NOV. 13, 7:00 PM
NEW GERMAN CINEMA
CANADIAN PREMIERE OF
rosa von pranheim's
RED LOVE (thanks to the goethe
institute)
with FOX AND HIS FRIENDS FASSBINDER

NOV. 20, 7:00 PM
slow motion massacre

STRAW DOGS
HONORABLE
AND
CLYDE



Sport

Dirt's in, Tide's Out

On Friday October 3 the Crimson Tide football team played their first game of the 86 season, against New College. The final score: 18-0 in favour of New.

The lopsided score mirrored the play, as Innis was dominated by the stronger New College squad.

Innis's problems cannot be laid on any one man, but rather on the general weakness of the team. Starting quarter-back Vic Chiasson had trouble moving the ball in the air, while the strong New defense held the Tide to marginal gains on most running plays.

Innis was further hampered by the lack of a place kicker, effectively eliminating the field goal from Innis strategy. Near the end of the first half, with New up by 7, Innis lay 3rd and 2 on the New College 7 yard line. Innis was forced to run the ball.

New College presented a more well rounded squad. They moved the ball successfully in the air, and due to the weak Innis defence, managed significant rushing gains as well.

Greg Sutton, A late game

replacement for QB Vic Chiasson seemed to breathe life into the tide. After a Humiliating sack, with Innis lying 2nd and 22, Sutton threw a short pass to rookie Alex Russell. Excellent blocking gave Russel some running room. He cut boldly across the field picking up some 45 yards. Two plays later Sutton completed a fine 20yd pass to Richard Lautens. The clock ran out with Innis marching down the field. This was a glimpse of the Power Tide of years gone by, except that this Tide could rely on its throwing game to compliment its rushing game.

The Tide's main weakness in the past has been it's one dimensional offence. But Innis's late game attack bodes well for the future. Hopefully we will see more of Sutton in the QB spot in games to come.

Despite this shaky start we cannot count the Tide out just yet. Several of last years vets are back and there is some fine rookie talent as well. The team didn't seem truly bad, just slightly out of practise. Last years Tide started out on top, The 86 Tide has something to fight for.

Co-ed Athletics



By André Czegledy & Andrea Lennox

Are you the type of person who needs a challenge? The type of person who challenges the world? We at the Coed Department of Innis College are looking for bright, energetic men and women able to enjoy themselves in various physical activities while at the same time learning new social skills and visiting faraway, exotic places such as the U of T Athletic Centre, and Hart House. We think of ourselves as men and women with a mission in life — to ensure the safety, success, and level of socio-physical enjoyment in your community. Be proud and stand tall. See your local recruitment board at Innis College for more details. Be all that you can be! — In the Coeds.

Coeds Update:

Sept. 23 — Volleyball was an enormous success with unprecedented levels of both participation and enjoyment.

Sept. 30 — The next foray into volleyball by Coeds. By this reading you will surely be aware of our continued success.

Coeds Announces:

Innis Staff/Student Volleyball game. Innis vs SAC touch football game.

Watch the athletic board for details.

Women's Athletics



By Vicky Zelins

It's the return of the Screaming Beagles! Yes, volleyball season is just around the corner and the women of Innis are prepared for victory. The season begins Monday October 27 and runs until mid March. Games are held Mondays and Wednesdays at 8, 9 or 10 pm in the sports gym of the Benson building. We'll have a morning practice once a week to keep us in top notch condition. There will be two practices before the first scheduled game. Throughout the

season game and practice times will be posted well in advance.

If you haven't signed up yet but you think the Screaming Beagles is the team for you, then talk to team reps Martha MacEachern or Andrea Lennox for more details.

The 4th Monday in October is not too far off so get your kneepads on and get ready for another exciting season of Innis volleyball action. Oh by the way fans are always welcome. Come and cheer the Screaming Beagles on to victory.



Men's Soccer Starts Strong

By Dave Rafael

Two games, two wins. A most pleasing and promising start to this years schedule for the Innis Royals Soccer Club. Out of last years ashes we have risen to wallop Victoria College 3-0, 2 goals by Dima and 1 by Roger, and U.C. 2-0, goals by Roger and Gady. The netminder in both shutouts was Giovanni who was superb in saving a penalty in the first game. In the second game with time running out Dima, with Maradona footwork, beat the

defence to set up our second goal which took the fight out of U.C.

In a recent game the royals fought Walburg United to a 0-0 tie. Details of that mudbath will come in next issue. If player turnout remains high, the Royals should finish the season in a good playoff position. The most important feature of our team is the sudden appearance of new uniforms. Not only are they the correct colour, but they fit. Thanks very much Mr. Zryd.

Tidal Wave

By Dave Clegg

Well it's that time of year again, when men are men and nary a sheep can be found. It's fall and you know what that means . . . FOOTBALL. YOU BET! Football, just ask any IC/UC member of the Crimson Tide and he'll tell you (if his mouth's not full of quiche) that it's a real man's game.

For the first time last year the tackle football team slipped back a notch (read choked -Ed-) after having steadily improved for four years culminating in the championship season of 1984. This will be the first time since its inception that the Tide will be without its founding father, Simon Cotter. Will the slide continue? Will someone come forward to assume Simon's mantle? No to the former, hopefully not to the latter — for Simon's mantle like his football uniform probably was not washed during his five year reign. With the Cotter era at an end and the slate, if not his equipment wiped clean, the team is in need of fresh blood. Neither experience nor size are prerequisites. Desire is the only qualification the Tide is looking for.

The 1985 season ended on a sour note. After going undefeated in the regular season, the team lost a bitter semi-final contest 12-7 to Dents. The controversial loss was made all the more hard to swallow when arch rival Trinity, who were the eventual champions, found their way into the final after being soundly thrashed in the regular season against the IC/UC squad (which is not to imply that Trinity didn't deserve to win -Ed-).

The 1985 Crimson Tide featured a vaunted running attack, spearheaded by an all-star backfield,

and an aggressive defense that allowed less than a touchdown per game and at times boasted that they could outscore the offense. In 1986 the offense hopes to become more balanced with a greater aerial threat, while the defense is looking to continue in its headhunting ways.

High-lights of the 1985 season.

- Perfect 5-0 regular season
- A first play from scrimmage 60+ yard touchdown against Trinity.
- Placing 11 men on the Div II all-star team which defeated the Div I team 12-0.
- Simon Cotter's first and only career touchdown (no matter what he says it was a 1 yard plunge through a gaping hole on the last play of a game and served only to run up the score)
- Having the SAC President as a member of the team.

Low-lights

- Semi-final loss to Dents.
- Cotter recounting his touchdown again and again . . .
- Having the SAC President play for the Tide.
- . . . and again and again .

In just a matter of days the IC/UC tackle football team will once again be committed to combat on the gridiron. And what can you do to help bring the Mulock Cup back to Innis? Well if you enjoy bone crunching physical contact, humbling the students of Trinity College and Meds, and the admiration of your fellow Innies, come out for the team. If you can't or don't wish to play, be sure to come out and support your team.

Student Affairs, Join The Power Elite Meetings 3:10 pm Alternate Thursdays

Innis College Writing Lab

Purpose: To teach you how to write better, no matter how well or poorly you write.

Method: Individual tutoring, based on your own work.

Hours: Mon., Wed., Thurs. 9-5; Tues. 9-1; Fri. 1-5.

Cost: Free.

Who can use the Innis Writing Lab
Innis students can consult with about written work assigned for any university course they are enrolled in. Any student enrolled in an INI course can consult us about written work assigned for that course.

Who we are
Three experienced tutors work in the Writing Lab:

- Evelyn Cotter, Director
- Roger Greenwald
- Roger Riendeau

What we do, what we don't

We will:
— work with you, at any level, on whichever areas you may seek or need improvement in: planning, organization, focus, logic, word choice, sentence structure, punctuation, paraphrasing, documentation, tone, style

- try to improve your ability to revise your own work
- give you an overall opinion of (but not an estimated grade for) any completed assignment
- recommend books, courses, or facilities that may be of help to you
- go over your test paper with you

We will NOT:

- supply ideas or arguments, or otherwise assist you with the content of your assignment
- write or rewrite your assignment for you
- routinely correct all your technical errors
- estimate what grade you will receive

How to use the Writing Lab

Realize that we are here to help YOU, whether you're shaky or confident, whether you fear writing or enjoy it.

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Come and consult us about your work at any stage, even when you first receive your assignment.

Start your work as early as possible; plan to bring us a completed draft in advance of the due date.

What we are doing about the English Proficiency test

All newly admitted degree students are now required to write an English Proficiency Test. If you receive a "Fail" or a "Marginal Pass", we will:
— try to explain your grade
— assess the strengths and weaknesses of your writing
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If You receive a "Pass", we will be happy to help you in any of the ways outlined in this ad.

For an appointment
phone 978-4871

Farming Memories

By Michelle Bailey

The orientation farm weekend was once again enjoyed by all those that attended. We had a total of about 70 people, about a third of that first years. Norma and Henry tried desperately to ruin our fun by denying us toilet paper and being general party poopers but we were too determined. For those who missed the weekend the next event is scheduled for Nov. 7, 8 & 9. Call Michelle Bailey 531-1135 or Jim Shcedden for any information.

Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic
October 20 — 24
Med. Sci. main floor
Mon. Tues. Fri. 10 am — 4 pm
Wed. Thur. 10 am — 5 pm
Give the gift of life: Give Blood

ICSS Takes Steps On Farm Problems

By Michelle Bailey

The I.C.S.S. has submitted a report to Roger Riendeau, who will deliver it to the Harold Innis Foundation which outlines our complaints and recommendations about the farm. Along with it was given a check for \$260.00 from the Orientation weekend collection to be used for improvements described. Let's hope the report is able to help us solve our problems up at the farm and make the weekends even better.

NEED HELP WITH MATH/STATS COMPUTER SCIENCE?

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Innis College provides FREE personal assistance for students in almost all 1st and 2nd year courses in the above subjects. We can also help you to prepare for future enrolment in maths courses, and to upgrade rusty skills.

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Living In A Concrete Jungle

Creating some green space in the city is the basis of The Growing City. A Guide to Urban Community Gardening in Toronto. This booklet has just been published by the Ontario Public Interest Research Group (OPIRG), U of T, an organization funded by graduate students at U of T.

A representative of Sole Support Mothers from Regent Park spoke at U of T this week about the community garden they have built. Nutritional and cheap, the garden is a great food source especially when the Family Benefits Payment just doesn't stretch far enough.

The politics of food is OPIRG's interest in Hunger Week happening now at U of T. "Why there is no cheap nutritional food in Toronto", is the topic Russ Kristenson of the Ontario Federation of Food Co-ops will be examining on Thurs, Oct 9 at noon, location t.b.a.

The role of multinational food companies and supermarket manipulation is one reason food isn't cheap. So following Kristenson's talk, OPIRG will present their slide/tape show: Supermarket Tour.

Sports Board

	win	loss	tie
Men			
Rugby:	0	1	1
Soccer:	2	0	1
Tackle Football:	0	1	0
Women			
Flag Football	1	1	0
Basketball	preseason only		
Soccer	1	1	0 1default
Innertube waterpolo	1	1	0

Deadline for next Issue Monday October 27

Imagine
Bruce Tarr's
face here

Men's Athletics

By Bruce Tarr

Despite the locking of Mr. Shower this year, Innis teams have managed to avoid stinking Mr. Joint out thus far. The Innis Royals soccer team has begun its season with 2 straight wins, and is the college's best prospect for a championship this fall. Our rugby team, in its second season and recently named "The Ironside", managed a tie in its last outing and can make a serious threat providing that head-tackles and black rodents are outlawed. In

addition, the football and hockey teams are currently preparing for what are sure to be outstanding seasons again this year.

The fall tournaments are now over but watch for one-day events in skiing, swimming and racketball coming in January.

Sports coming up soon: basketball, volleyball, and squash. It is by no means too late to sign up. Check Mr. Bulletin Board for game and practice times.



Flag Football

On Tuesday, September 23 at 8 am in the rain, Innispiration, the flag football team, took to the field in the second game of the season. The first game, played a week earlier, constituted a 12-0 loss against Law.

Game #2 was to be different. At half time, still 2 people short, the team asked, and were granted, permission to count the game instead of defaulting. Engineering agreed. Shortly in the second half, Jenny Farkas came into the huddle and said, "Okay, this is the play where we intercept the ball and run all the way down to the other end for a touchdown". Little did we know that Jenny was a prophet for no sooner had the next play begun than Jenny was plucking the ball out of

the air with one hand and running to the other end of the field to score our first touchdown of the season. Play resumed to a somewhat more normal pace until Martha MacEachern, in the second last play in the game, intercepted a pass and went to the other end to score the only other touchdown in the game and Innis' second of the year. The conversion was made by Vicky Zeltins in the last play of the game giving Innis a 13-0 win over Engineering.

There are four more games in regular season play and we expect to have more victories. Watch the bulletin board for practice times and game time announcements. Come out to cheer and play with our very own Innispirations.

Women's Soccer

By Vicky Zeltins

Innis has joined up with Law, Dentistry and Rehab Mcds (a late addition to the team) to form the not yet infamous women's soccer team, "The Dills".

The first match of the season was against the Rehab Skin Splints. Overcoming overwhelming odds of frost bite, fatigue (what? The game is at 7:20 am?), and too few players the Dills pulled off an astounding 1-0 loss. Morale was high however going into the second match the following week, again against a Rehab team — this time the Offsiders. Considering that they had a full team and we had only 6 players, we played an amazing line of defense. We scored early in the first half, but fell to defeat as Rehab scored 3 points late in the match.



Track & Field.

By Bruce Tarr

The annual intramural track & field meet was held last Friday, Sept. 26, and was well attended, by other colleges. Innis's participants, though small in number, were big in spirit and managed to amass a whopping 17 points for the day. Paving the way to glory was Martha MacEachern—who finished 3rd in the 400 M, 4th in the 200 M, and was a member of the 4th place 4x100 M relay—collecting 8.25

points on the day. Mike Zryd, the only team member to wear his authentic Innis hat, received 4 points for his 5th place finishes in the 100 M hurdles and 400 M, plus a "save the baby seals" T-shirt for his performance in the javelin. Thanks are extended to David White for volunteering to officiate for the day, and for not hurling his ninja throwing stars at me when he found out he was assistant marshall.

Mysterious new disease has docs baffled

Babies' heads explode!

Alumni Corner: Because enquiring minds want to know

By Simon Cotter
This feature: Great quotes people should have said.

Ellen Ladowsky (speaking on career opportunities) — "This Mother Theresa must be after one helluva job to be working this hard to put together a resumé."

Martha MacEachern (speaking on relationships) — "It's not that I don't like Bambi anymore I just feel she's fallen in with a bad crowd."

Mike J. P. Zryd (speaking on morality) — "Football may not be inherently evil, however money for football is."

Art Wilson (speaking on the meaning of life) — Well when I was at Res. at Dal. My SAAB which runs about 40K incidentally ... Real Boffo ... What was the question?"

Sally Kerwin (speaking on forced hours of community service) — "Vlad is a home for those away from home, or recently released from one."

Matt McGarvey (speaking on politics) — "I know how George Bush feels."

First year students (speaking on first meeting Fuzz) — "Well at least this puts Darwin in perspective."

Simon Cotter (speaking on graduating) — "Leave. You mean you gotta leave. Forget it. I don't want your degree It's cold out there."

Next issue's feature: Words of wisdom - ie Alumni tips. We encourage all 4th year students who may be about to graduate to write in for advice.

**INNIS COLLEGE
MONTE CARLO NIGHT
OCTOBER 18 IN THE INNIS COLLEGE
PUB 8:00 PM
FEATURING BLACK JACK TABLES
AND HORSE WHEELS
FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT
AUDREY PERRY IN ROOM 124 (978
4332) OR JIM SHEDDEN IN THE PUB
(978 4808)**

**STUDENT-ALUMNI FARM WEEKEND
NOV. 7-9**
Contact Michelle Baily (Room 116, 978 7368)
or Jim Shedden (Room 117, 978 7023)
sign up lists in the pit

Gutter
An Innis Tradition



Harold and Paul



INNISIATION PARTIES

WHEN? Oct. 31, 8:00 PM
Nov. 21, 8:00 PM
Dec. 5, 8:00 PM

WHERE? Innis College Pub
WHAT DO I DO THERE?

Dance, gab, buy "beverages"
(we are fully licensed),
listen to music

CAN I HELP OUT? Yes, by
contacting Cassie Rivers
in the ICSS office (978 7368).



FUZZ SAY

I'm Keepin' My Baby

I'm Gonna Keep My

Baby, Oooo Yeaaaah